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PINE PLAVORING EXPRACES.

Y ALAKSTANDS — A spir wild recept a com-bact, are contact, in which we should off who have arresport to be used take those with lane. Prof. for some lay

Fire-side Miscellann. A NOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

"And so you sail to-morrow, Will? I shall miss you." " Yes, I'm bound to see the world .-I've been beating my wings in desperation against the wires of my cage these three years. I know every stick and stone and stump in this odious village by heart, as well as I do those stereotyped sermons of Parson Grey's. They ny be calls me a 'scapegrace'-pity I should have the name without the game," said he, bitterly. " I haven't room here to ron the length of my chain. I'll show him what I can do in a wider field

"But how did you bring your father

"Oh, he's very glad to get rid of me; quite disgusted because I've no fancy or seeing corn and oats grow. The truth is, every father knows at once too much and too little about his own son; the old gentleman never understood me; he soured my temper, which is originally none of the best, roused all the worst feelings in my nature, and is constantly driving me from instead of to the point he would have me reach." " And your mother ?"

"Well, there you have me; that's the only humanized portion of my heart -the only soft spot in it. She came to my bed-side last night, after she thought I was asleep, gently kissed my forehead, and then kuck by my bed-side. Harry, I've been wandering round the fields all the morning, to try to get rid of that prayer. Old Parson Grey might preach at me till the millennium, and it would'ut move me any more than that stone. It makes all the difference in the world when you know a person feels what they are praying about. I'm wild and reckles and wicked, I suppose; but I shall never be an infidel while I can remember my mother. You should see the way she bears my father's impetuous temper ; that's grace, not nature, Harry ; but don't let us talk about it-I only wish my parting with her was well over.

Good-bye; God bless you, Harry; you will hear from me, if the fishes don't make a supper of me;" and Will left his friend and entered the cottage. His mother was moving nervously and restlessly about, tying up all sorts of mysterious little parcels, that only

mothers think of, " in case he should be sick," or in case he should be this, that or the other, interrupted occasionally by exclamations like this from the old farmer: "Fudge-stuff-great overgrown baby-making a fool of him-never be out of leading strings;" then turning short about and facing Will as he entered, he said: "Well, sir, look in your sea-chest, good authority:-

and you'll find gingerbread, and physic, darning-needles, and tracts, 'bitters,' and Bibles, pepermint, and old linen rags, and opedildoc. Pshaw! I was more of a man than you are when I was nine years old. Your mother always made a fool of you, and that was entirely unnecessary, too, for you were always short of what is called common sense. You needo't tell the captain you went to sea because you didn't know enough to be a landsman, or that you never did any thing right in your life, except by You are as like that ne'er do well Jack Halpine, as two peas. If there is any thing in you, I hope the salt water will fetch it out. Come, your mother has your supper ready, I see."

Mrs. Low's hand trembled as she passed her boy's cup. It was his last meal under that roof for many a long She did not trust herself to speak her heart was too full. She had heard all his father so injudiciously said to him, and she knew too well from forupon his impetuous, fiery spirit. She had only to oppose to it a mother's prayers and tears, and all-enduring lose. She never condemned in Will's hearing, any of his father's philippies; always excusing him with the general remark that he didn't understand him. Alone, she mourned over it; and when with her husband, tried to place matters on a better footing for both parties.

Will noted his mother's swollen eye lids; he saw his favorite little tea-cakes that she had busied herself in preparing for him, and he are and drank what she gave him, without tasting a morsel he swallowed, listening for the hundredth time to his father's account of " what he did when a young man."

"Just half an hour, Will," said his father, "before you start; run up and dren to follow soldiers when on paradesee if you have forgotten any of your dude."

It was the little room he had always called his own. How many nights he had lain there listening to the rain pattering on the low roof; how many morigs awakened by the chirp of the robin in the apple tree under the window. There was the little bed with its | of them fail to resort to the very methsnowy covering, and the thousand and od to make sales which is used to induce one little comforts prepared by his mother's hand. He turned his head-she Daily Mail. was at his side, her arms about his neck. "God keep my boy?" was all she could utter. He knelt at her feet as in the days of childbood, and from those wayward lips rame this tearful peayer, " Oh God, spare my mother, that I may look upon her face again in this world?"

Oh, in after days, when that voice had died out from under the parental roof. how sacred was that spot to her who gave him birth! There was hope for ping their wises, should be clared the boy! he had recognized his mother's umong domestic lirkers.

God. By that invisible silken cord she still held the wanderer, though broad seas rolled between

Letters came to Moss Gleo-at staed intervals, then more irregularly, picturing only the bright spots in his sailor life (for Will was proud, and they were to be scanned by his father's eye.) The usual temptations of a sailor's life when in port were not unknown to him-of every cup the syren. Pleasure, held to his lips, he drank to the dregs; but there were moments in his maddest revels, when that angel whisper, "God keep my boy," palsied his daring hand, and arrested the half-uttered oath. Disgusted with himself, he would turn aside for an instant, but only to drown again more recklessly "that still small forturing

"You're a stranger in these parts," said a rough farmer to a sun-burnttraveler. "Look as though you'd been in foreign parts."

" Do I?" said Will, slouching his bat over his eyes. "Who lives in that lit-

tle cottage under the hill?" "Old Farmer Low-and a tough cus tomer he is, too; it's a word and a blow with him. The old lady has had a hard time of it, good as she is, to put up with all his kinks and quirks. She bore it very well till the lad went away; and then she began to droop like a willow in a storm, and lose all heart like .-Doctor's stuff didn't do any good, as long as she got no news of the boy .--

She's to be buried this afternoon, sir." Poor Will stayed to hear no more. but tottered in the direction of the cottage. He asked no leave to enter, but passed over the threshold into the little best parlor," and found himself alone with the dead. It was too true ! dumb were the lips that should have welcomed him; and the arms that should have enfolded him were crossed peacefully over the heart that beat true to him till the last.

Conscience did its office. Long years of mad folly passed in swift review before him; and over that insensible form a vow was made, and recorded in heaven.

"Your mother should have lived to see this day, Will," said a grey-haired old man, as he leaned on the arm of the clergyman, and passed into the village

" Bless God my dear father there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth;' and of all the angel band, there is one scraph hand that sweeps more rapturously its harp to-day for ' the lost that is found !" "

FANNY FERN.

A Sorrowett Boy .- A writer in the Vermont Chronicle relates the following as a fact, that he learned from "I wish I was dead," said a little boy

" Why?" asked his mother.

"Why, the boys pester me so about father, and I don't want to go again in

the night to the store after him." His mother talked to him, but thought the did not feel in earnest about it. But one day, when she had returned from a visit, she inquired for her children, and found all but this boy. She looked, she called, but no answer. She went to the barn, as it was just growing dark .-She opened the door, and there, in one corner, was the little sensitive boy. She burst into tears, "O my son, is it you?" She felt his cold hands; he was dead.

At the funeral his father promised to drink no more rum. "I have done forever." A long time he kept his promise. One day, however, Deacon P. was in the store, and Dencon P. was a good man; he drank but a little. He asked for some brandy, and while he drauk it, he saw the same man who had been a mer experience the effect it would have | drukard looking at him, and he saw that he was uneasy; he walked about, he sat down. Again he would go to the door as if going away. He was in silent thought. At length he went to the counter, and asked for a little brandy. I may drink a little as well as Dencon P." He did drink ; and became a confirmed drunkard again.

How to GET RICH.-A merchant had just as well expect to get rich by closing his doors and keeping his goods concealed from public vew, as to hope to succeed in business without advertising while his contemporaries are continually exhibiting their stocks to the public gaze, and inviting calls from purchasers. It is just as natural for the subscribers of a newspaper to buy from those who advertise in it, as it is for chil-The simble fact of seeing certain goods published, morning after morning, has an irresistible attraction that will fasten itself upon the mind, and never fails to guide each reader to the very store at which his or her wants can be at once supplied. Every merchant of common sense knows it to be so; and yet many them to make the purchases .- [Boston

"I'm affort! I'm affort!" screamed out a young lady of powerful lungs and fingers to match, as she exercised both "You are affont, ch !" growled an old

sea dog; "I should judge you were affont by the squall you raise. husbands who are in the babit of whipMY SCISSORS.

" Good morning, Mrs. Wicks; I hope see you well this morning. "Well, yes, pretty well, all but my

hands." "Your bands! What's the matter with your hands; not been scalding them I hope?" " No! worse than that; I have got

them all blistered up, trying to cut out the children's fall clothes with my old scissors; I've had 'em these ten years, and they are just as dull as a loc. and every time I cut a roundabout, shirt, or pair of pants. I have just such a time of Susan Willard is sewing for me now, and I wanted to get my cutting done while my hand was in, so I just wanted to see if you would not lend me your large tailor shears, a day or two, for I won't do another thing with mine for a week to come."

Really, Mrs. Wicks, I would like accommodate you, but I am very busy with mine just now, and could not possibly spare them without great in-

" Well, I don't know what I'll do : I an't cut out any more with mine, and Susan has only two weeks to stay .-Do you know of any one that has a

" No. I do not. Would it not be better for you to purchase a new pair?-I could hardly get along without mine

of them." " What did yours cost?"

"Two dollars and a half." "Goodness! Mr Wicks would no ore let me have money to buy such a

for a single day, without feeling the want

pair of seissors than he'd fly." "I think you are mistaken; I have always thought Mr Wicks very indul-

"There's where you are altogether mistaken. I hardly ever ask him for money but what he says something to hurt my feelings, and I often do without things I really need, rather than have any words. Why, yes, to-day I asked him for money to get fall trimmings for my bonnet and Rosina's, and was all I could do to get it out of him. Only five dollars; it would cost ten you know to get us both new ones. I tho't he need not have complained at fixing up the old ones."

" And you have five dollars in your " Yes, and we thought we would get

rimmings at Grant's. That beautiful oyal purple with the orange edge, it's a love of a ribbon, and so cheap, only seventy-five cents a yard." "My dear Mrs. Wicks, let me give

you a new idea. Would your husband omplain if you should trim you bonnets with ribbons worth half that sum, and appropriate the balance to the purchase of a good pair of scissors?"

of course he wouldn't I'd like to know, is going to make themselves the town talk for the sake of grat-

ifying a husband's whims?" "Do it to gratify yourself, to add to our own comfort. My bonnet trimmings and all will not cost me over a dollar and a half, and I don't believe the town will trouble itself about it .-Town talk or no talk, you may be sure I'll never run about with my fingers in rags while I can save the price of a pair of scissors in one bonnet trimming : Now don't be offended; I know you think you can't get along any other way than just as you do; but if you will only make the effort to economize in your items of dress, &c., you will soon find yourself amply provided with all these little household conveniences, which you seem so much to want, and my word for it your husband will not make half the objection to furnishing money for usefuls as he now does for the purchase of

non-essentials." " Now there is neighbor Penniman's wife flourishing in a fifteen dollar crape shawl, but her girl complains that she has to borrow wash-tabs, weekly, and that Mrs. P. says that it is all Mr Pen-

niman's fault." " Why, Mes Smith, I thought you

was a Woman's Rights woman." "And so I am; but I assure you am no advocate for woman's injustice and folly, and while I feel that the law of the land, in common justice, greatly oppresses woman, I also feel she oftenses greatly oppresses herself, and lays leavier burdens upon her own heart, than she herself is willing to bear, and o excuse her own weakness of purpose her own foolish love of display, lays all the blame upon her husband, who would willingly indulge every reasonable de sire, and only frowns when ungenerous

lemands are made upon his means." " Well, I don't know, Mr Wicks apwars more willing to give me mone

for dress than anything else." " Is not that because he does not fee at liberty to deny you any personal gratification, because he feels that he ean make you happier thus than in any other way? Try the experiment, Mrs. Wicks. Tell him you will reserve half your usual expenses for household conveniences, and if he does not fill your purse with a more cheerful heart I am much missaken in him. Begin on the sciences, and if he makes one word of objection, I will agree to change with you for a week, and wear my hands toblisters on your old ones."

" Well, I'll try this once. Good mur-Good morning, Mrs Wicks."

Mrs Wicks went home, and when her

not less than two dollars.

"Whose are these? Been borrowing again Sarah ?" No," replied Mrs Wicks; "I blistered my hands yesterday, with my old

ones, and I just concluded I would wear my old last winter trimmings, and bave me a good pair of scissors for my work. Don't you think they are nice ones? I thought you would not care how I spent my money."

"Of course not," he replied. Nothing more was said. In the evening, instead of going out he drew up his chair by the work-stand. "Ain't you going down street?" said

Her voice was kinder than usual.

" No, I believe not to-night; I like the click of your ma's new scisse

if I go down street I am afraid they

will lose their pleasant tone." Mrs Wicks did not look up ; her heart was full, for just then a little roll of "royal purple with orange edge," cheap "at seventy-five cents," fell into her lap.-[Ohio Farmer.

West Const of Africa.

Lieutenant Lynch, of the U. S. Nary, who acted as Superintendent of the late Dead Sea Expedition, has recently embarked at New York for London whence he will proceed in the new British Line of steamers for Africa. The object of the mission upon which he has entered under the orders of the Government, is to make certain inquiries and arrangements preliminary to an intended exploration of the West coast of Africa. It certainly is a matter worthy to excite general interest and approbation that she United States has at last determined to investigate the physical character and resources of a country which is rapidly growing into commercial importance, and that so competent

an officer has been chosen by the Exec-

utive to take the initiative steps in the

Since the period when the first efforts were made to civilize a region which nature had endowed with rare fertility and productiveness, much has been effected in the moral and political condition of a number of the African tribes. and through the happy agency of the knowledge of mechanic arts and acquired habits of industry, they have made themselves and the respective districts of territory which they inhabit objects of a lively and increasing solicitude to the mercantile as well as the philanthropic enterprises of the age. Great Britain, actuated by that far-sighted and prudent policy which has contributed so largely to extend her empire and her wealth. began very long ago to form a connection with Western Africa, having found-

ed her present settlement at Sierra Le-Her exertions in the cause of civilization in that quarter, stimulated as they doubtless were, by motives of ultimate advantage to her commerce, have been already richly rewarded in the fruits of a most valuable and expanding trade with the natives; and we may gather a potent incentive to emulation in the work of cultivating intimate relations of intercourse and traffic with the same people from a statement of the progress and profitableness of the commercial dealings between them and the British merchants. In 1827, England received from Africa but little more than four thousand dollars worth of palm oil. At present she imports a quantity of the annual value of eight hundred thousand dollars. In 1835, forty-seven bushels of ground nuts were exported from Gambia; now, between eight and nine millions of bushels are yearly exported .-In addition to the above named articles. vast supplies of ginger, ivory, gum arabic, gold dust, and other products of the

country, are exported in English ships. The resources of Senegambia, Liberia, and upper Guinea, in all the products of the tropics are unlimited, and with the advancement of these states in industrial skill and social improvement, those various and exhaustless stores of material wealth in which they abound, will be more and more successfully developed, and the trade of which they constitute the staples will proporintely enlarge. It is asserted by intelligent men who are informed, from personal observation, of the capabilities of the soil of the west coast, that indigo and cotton may be produced to an almost indefinite extent. The latter plant is beginning to be raised in considerable quantities, and the opinion prevails that when enterprise and attention are properly devoted to its culture, and the nee essary facilities of transit are provided for conveying it to market, the production of cotton will become an imporant and extensive element of African commerce. The sugar-cane, also finds, unishing growth and local industry is al- dressing the other ready turned with most suspicious renative lumber, among which are the that "they didn't know themselves.

full to see that the west coast of Africa black spot upon the other side, he exis rapidly assuming a condition and at- claimed

thing that took his attention was a beau- consequences, and engage the serious retiful pair of polished steel scissors, worth gard of our Government. The step just taken in the mission of Lieutenant Lynch is a very commendable one, and we hope to see it followed up with the vigor and liberality which the object so eminently deserves as a national question .- [Philadelphia North American.

A Thrilling Adventure.

A merchant, who, wishing to cele brate his daughter's wedding, collected a party of her young companions; they circled around her, wishing much happiness to the youthful bride and her chosen one. Her father gazed proudly on his lovely child, and hoped that as bright prospects for the future might open for the rest of his children who were playing among the guests. Passing through the hall of the basement, he met a servant who was carrying a lighted candle in her hand, but without the candlestick. He blamed her for such conduct, and went into the kitchen to see about the supper. The girl soon returned but without the candle. The merchant immediately recollected that several barrels of gunpowder had been placed in the cellar during the day, and that one had been opened.

"Where is your candle?" he inquired in the utmost alarm. "I couldn't bring it up with me, for my arms were full of wood," replied the

"Where did you put it?" * Well, I'd no candlestick, so I stuck it in some black sand that's in the small

Her master dashed down the stairs the passage was long and dark, his knees threatened to give way under him his breath was choked, his flesh seemed dry and parched, as if he already felt

the suffocating blast of death. At the end of the cellar, under the very room where his children and their friends were revelling in felicity, he saw the open barrel of powder, full at the top; the candle stuck loosely in the grains, with a long red snuff of burnt wick, this sight seemed to wither all his powers; the laughter of the company struck upon his ear like the knell of He stood a moment unable to

The music commenced above, the feet of the dancers responded with vivacity; the floor shook, and the loose bottles in the cellar jingled with the motion. He funcied the candle moved-was falling; with desperate energy he sprang forward,-but how to remove it ! the slightest touch would cause the red hot wick to fall into the powder. With unequaled presence of mind, he placed a hand on each side of the candle, with the open palms upward, and the fingers pointed to he object of his care, which, as his hands met, was secured in the clasping of the fingers, and safely moved away from its dangerous position. When he reached the head of the stairs he smiled at his previous alarm, but the reaction was too strong, and he fell into fits of the most violent laughter. He was conveyed to his bed senseless, and many weeks clapsed ere his nerves recovered sufficient tone to allow him to resume his business.

A Good Story .- A capital story is told of Judge Tappan, a Senator in Congress, who is unfortunately crosseved. A number of years ago he was Judge of a newly organized County

Court in the eastern part of Ohio. In those days of primitive simplicity or perhaps poverty, the bar-room of a tavern was used as a court room, and the stable as a jail. One day during the session of the Court, the Judge had occasion severely to reprimand two lawyers were wrangling. An odd looking nistomer who sat in one corner, listening apparently with great satisfaction to the reproof, and presuming on old acquaintance, and the Judge's well known good humor, sung out:

" Give it to them, old gimblet eyes! "Who was that?" inquired the Judge. "It was this 'ere old boss," said the

chap, raising himself up. " Sheriff," observed the Judge, with great gravity, take that old hose and put n in the stable."

The Two Bromios.

About forty years ago there were two oung men named William and John, win sons of William W. Woolsey, Esq. then President of the Bank of New Ha

ven, who were students at Yale College. The resemblance of each to the other was so perfect that even their own mother was often at a loss to know to which the name of John and which the name of William belonged. Our informant, who was a class-mate with them during his collegiate course of four years, declares that not withstanding he met them every day at the chapel, in the recitation room, and on the play grounds, yet he never was able to call either by name der the same ardent sunshine, a flour- with full confidence that he was not ad-

The only visible difference in the fasults to its cultivation. Individual plan- ecs of the young Woolseys was that one ters have raised in one year as much as of them had a mole upon his right cheek, three thousand pounds of sugar. More- and the other had a mole exactly corover, labor is lovested most profitably in responding with it on his left check .growing rice, gethering in wild luxuri- From the following carcumstance conance, and in preparing for commerce the nected with this fact, rose the saying rose, palm, and other equally valuable As John was passing a mirror one day. he chancel to cast his eye towards it, In brief, no intelligent man, who has and upon sering his own face, with the given any attention to the subject, can mole on the reverse side of it, and a

litade is relation to commerce and civilization which promise highly important spot of crock upon your face?"

The God of Success.

There is a new deity received into the Pantheon of American idulatry. It is the God of Success. The avowed principle is. " He is the best fellow that wires. and the de'il take the hindmost." The creed is that of Napoleon, that Providence favors heavy battalions. The injunction is that of Cromwell, " Trust in

God, and keep your powder dry." The whole system of business, soci ty, politics, and literature, is, we fear rapidly coming upon the ground of im nediate, tangible, duanting success. No body can be nominated for President nless he is available. No couple can marry unless they are rich, and can maintain an establishment. No minis ter can be settled unless he is smart.-Nobody is good for anything unless be succeeds. He might as well vamore, and be non-extant, as to expect to have any comfort from his friends, or any condefeation in society, if he does not thrive as well as strive. Franklin's phil prophy is in full operation, thrift, thrift. Coi bono is the one weight and measare, and we might as well dispense with all those tables which we so painfully learned when boys, from Pike and Ad-

The idea of nature is that all things were made for man. The ocean is for his highway, the rivers for his waterpower, the sun to save candles, the moon to light him bome at night, the aurora borealis for his fireworks, the winds to waft him a whiff of fresh air, the iron to make his railroads, the lightning to run his errands, and so on through all the catalogue of nature's wonders and gifts. Direct use, palpable success, immediate good, are the ends for which it is claimed the Infinite One made "this brave o'erhanging firmament, and fretted it with golden fire."

Starting from this principle in the rorks of creation, the inference is short and irresistable that these are the ends of man's doings, and sufferings, and aspirings. He is a cog in the wheel of society, a rivet to hold something together, a hoop to keep the staves in their places, a brick or a shingle in the general edifice. It a man is not planting potatoes or hammering a -horse shoe, why, forsooth, he is not practical. And if he is not making two dollars a day, and living on roast beef, why he might, in November, as well go and hang himself as a miserable cypher in the body social and politic. He is not wanted for this work-day world and smart nation. Alas, for the poor wight who has not found his niche, whose faculties have not been drilled into marching and working order. Wretched man that he is, he might better sail for China or Japan for the sake of peace of mind. Certain it is that he can have none in this busy, industrious, successful, universal Yankee nation. The drones make no part of our hive. Even the queen bee has to work here or go with-

out her wax or honey. The God of Success is the divinity of the multitude. Who is he that is doing well? Is it the good man, the Christian, the philanthropist? Why, no, you simpleton! It is the man making money fast. Who is the popular man? Is the patriot, the great statesman, the pure hero, the martyr in his country's ause, the philosopher, poet, theologian? Again, no. It is the loquacious orator t is the cunning demagogue. Who is the desirable match? who is the hope ful friend? who is the available candi date? who is the auspicious partner? Why, to be sure, the devotee of our new temple, the worshipper of our splendid deity of success.

And in this headlong career, to seize the main chance, and win wealth, distinction, and place, what matter for principle and honesty, and all that? These old-fashioned and obsolete virtues were long see laid on the shelf. Such is the practice of too many, if not their principles. They have found a short cut to riches, and can do up the business of their existence in half the time of their forefathers. A young man is in full business at twenty, rich and married at wenty-five, and retires to while away, a the remaining forty-five of his allot ted three score and ten, in turtle din ners, a voyage to Europe and Egypt, and the respectability of a gentleman of property and standing.

But, as there is now and then one ho succeeds, there are ninety-seven, by careful computation, who fail in the race Let the wrecks on the strand warp all nen of such adventurous sailing. The God of Success is obliged to turn a cold shoulder upon some of his worshipers, and his rebuffs are most impartially and promisenously severe. He lifts a poor wight up to the pinnacle of his temple, the phrase would only to harl him to the earth with ten- you all fold violence. He mixes a fascinating cun, and advances it to his lips, wh he fable of Tantalos is repeated He issues the millions of tickets, and most of the blanks. He is altoget and onspinistors

keeps up the

will fell into the snare of fully and haste. We are overdoing life, hurrying too much, sontching at the present, too bound-like, expecting results before they have time to mature, and in one work reckening on a large scale our chickens before they are hatched. We must cultivate repose, faith, long hopes, distant aspirations, nor feet if we are not able to make railroad time in everything. We must learn to labor and to wait, and patiently, diligently, toilsomely crawl with the spail, not run with the

re, and be leaten. This is not the world of results, but of beginnings. All we do berq is to plant; the harvest is a long way abend. We stand at the fountain; the mighty river, the infinite sea, are a thousand leagues away. The ancients would not allow any man to be called happy, till they mw how he died. The God of Sucress is an arrant idol raised out of mon's foolish conceits. There is no success in this life worth the name. Success is a greater word than mortals can pronounce. Its banner is in the sky, its heraldry is celestial, eternal. For even he who grasps the flitting butterfly of his childish pursuit crushes it while he seizes it. The bubble dances in his delighted eye, only to break and go into vacant air. Riches take to themselves wings, and fly away. Pleasure palls on the jaded senses. Fame is a troublesome distinction. Place puts a man in the range of a thousand venom ed darts. *Success is an ominous word for him who comes from a cradle and goes to a coffin.

But True Success is a different God from the idol of the species. This lotfy Divinity stands in the sun, and raises his head to the zenith. He looks beyond the idle joy of the moment to the telescopic views of a remote future.— He sees all such grains of sand, as this earth blown away, as if it had no abid ing place. But truth, love, goodness. meekness, humility, kindness, and honesty, are his ministers, and where they dwell there is prosperity indeed, and peace that passeth understanding. The martyrs and confessors are his servants. and many an old hero and patriot have been crowned with his eternal benedic tion and honor. In humble life, too, away from the haunts of men and the applause of the crowd, live the noble and pure in heart, who oftentimes win the real excellence and substance of existence, while the mad devotees of ambition, pleasure, and wealth, only clutch the bursting bubble. There is success even in this world, a character, built on the rock of principle, a spirit attuned to truth and goodness, but it is only the faint foreshadowing of a brighter day and an everlasting glory in the heaven-

PENALTIES.—The penalty of buying chesp clothes is the same as that of go

suit and having to pay for it. The penalty of marrying, is a moth

The penalty of remaining single, is having no one who "cares a button' for you, as is abundantly proved by the state of your shirt.

The penalty of thin shoes, is a cold. The penalty of a pretty cook, is an empty larder. The penalty of stopping in Paris, is

being shot. The penalty of tight boots, is corns The penulty of having a haunch of venison sent to you, is inviting a dozen

friends to come and eat it. The penalty of popularity, is envy-The penalty of a baby, is sleepless nights.

The penalty of interfering between man and wife, is abuse, frequently accompanied with blows from both. The penalty of kissing a baby, is half

crown (five shillings, if you are liberal) to the nurse. The penalty of a public dinner, is bad

The penalty of a legacy, or a fortune, is the sudden discovery of a host of poor relations you never dreamed of, and a number of debts you had quite

The penalty of lending, is-with a book or an umbrella—the certain loss of it; with your name to a bill, the sure payment of it; and with a horse, the chance of ever seeing him back again, sound .-- [Punch.

The Language of Lawvers

If a man would, according to law give another an orange, instead of say ing, "I give you that orange," (which one would think would be what is called in legal phrasentogy, " an absolute conxeyance of all right and title therein,"